

Sarah has been told that the new Doctor is going to be the same as the old one in some ways and different in others, but the one thing she most wants to know is, will he still spank her? If so, will he be stricter or more lenient? Will he still spank her on her panties or (she hardly dares think it) will he make more of a habit of pulling them down? Her trip to Peladon ended with a spanking she'll never forget, and it isn't something she wants to repeat in a hurry...

Let's not keep her in suspense too long, even if it means adding an entirely new scene to Part 1, after she leaves Thinktank with suspicions and gets nowhere questioning Professor Kettlewell. Now she goes back to UNIT and tells it all to the Doctor. But he seems strangely uninterested, and starts fiddling with some antiquated laboratory apparatus. Sarah is irritated: `Doctor, will you stop playing around with that junk and listen to me!'

`Well, when you have something to tell me, I'll be all ears,' he says.

`I've *been* telling you,' she hisses.

`A slippery floor in an empty laboratory? A professor who's fallen out with his former employers? It's not very much to go on. Only women's intuition, in fact.'

Sarah bites her tongue and watches as the Doctor begins to assemble the apparatus into some sort of towering gizmo. `What does it take to make you and the Brigadier take notice of this?'

`Mmmm?' asks the Doctor abstractedly, as if he's not even listening. `If you want to make yourself useful, a cup of coffee wouldn't go amiss.' He puts the last piece on the top of the gizmo.

Sarah lets out a squeal of rage and frustration and bangs the flat of her hands on the laboratory workbench. The gizmo the Doctor has been building collapses. Her eyes widen with the realization what she has done, and in a second she is across his knee with her skirt up.

The Doctor's palm smacks down across the seat of her panties. He spansks with precision and delicacy, almost as if he is restraining himself, but you wouldn't guess that from the way Sarah kicks and screams, and before long there is a clear pink blush visible through the tracery of white lace that covers her bottom. And then it is over, as quickly as it began: Sarah is on her feet, pulling her skirt back into place and rubbing some of the soreness out of her situpon.

`That does it!' she says. `I'm going back to Thinktank, I'm going to find the evidence and I'm going to *make* you listen to me!' She turns to leave.

`Take care, Sarah,' says the Doctor gently. `Don't let them catch you.'

Her only response is a huffy squeak as she exits through the laboratory doors.

The Doctor gives a quiet smile. You might almost think that's what he wanted her to do...

We'll have to do a little more radical restructuring of Part 2 after Sarah has paid her second visit to Thinktank. It's now too late for her to go direct to UNIT and see the Doctor, so it will be the next morning, and Sarah is now wearing her pantsuit and bandana as she tells him about the robot she encountered. As the conversation proceeds, the Doctor quietly puts on his jacket, then his scarf. His hat is in his hand when the Brigadier bursts into the laboratory, clearly very angry.

`I've just had a complaint from the Ministry,' he says, `about you, Miss Smith.'

Sarah gapes. `What have I...?'

`I arranged that pass for you, against my better judgement I might say, and you abused it by snooping into the secret laboratory.'

The Doctor's voice is calm, almost soothing: `And what are you going to do about it, Alistair, hmmm?'

`Well, Miss Smith isn't a serving member of UNIT, so technically she's not under my jurisdiction. I could hand her over to the civil police, of course, but, as she never ceases to remind my sentries, she *is* your assistant.'

Sarah gulps. She's not sure she likes the way this conversation is going.

`Well, I have to rush off for an urgent appointment with Professor Kettlewell,' he says, jamming his hat on his head, `but I would be very much obliged not to have to get back and find Sarah's been whisked off to prison.'

Things are looking up. Sarah gives a smile.

`But I have to tell the Minister *something**. I was hoping to say the matter had been dealt with internally.'

`You know my methods, Brigadier,' says the Doctor. `Apply them.'

Sarah's smile vanishes.

`Very well,' says the Brigadier with a slightly irritated air. `It seems I shall have to deal with you personally, Miss Smith.'

He takes Sarah's wrist, and holds it tightly when she tries to snatch it back. `Now just a minute,' she begins, but it turns into a squeak as the Brigadier sits down on a lab bench and takes her over his knee. He flips up the tail of her knitted cardigan, exposing her bottom in tight blue pants.

The Doctor adjusts his hat and strides for the door, but pauses as he passes Sarah. 'I think you'll find this might help, Brigadier,' he says, hooking two fingers under the waistband of her pants. He has lost none of his touch. In a trice the pants are around her knees, and the two men are looking at her pale blue flowery panties.

'Doctor!' she wails.

'Serves you right for getting caught,' he retorts, wriggling his fingers, glad to see he still has his touch. 'And Brigadier...'

'Yes, Doctor?'

'Don't use your swagger stick.'

'No, Doctor,' says the Brigadier, and brings his open palm down across Sarah's pretty floral bottom. But the Doctor is already away out of the door as she yelps in mixed pain and protest. The camera lingers awhile with her bouncing bottom at the center of the screen, her legs fluttering and her fists pumping, and then we cut to the Doctor driving Bessie on a country road, headed for his first meeting with the robot's creator...

On to Part 3 now, and, not paying enough attention to the Doctor's advice that some things are not what they seem, Sarah has persuaded Professor Kettlewell to smuggle her into the SRS meeting. Benton tries to stop her going: 'The Brigadier will go spare, and the Doctor'll ...' He tails off with what looks like embarrassment.

Sarah has an awkward feeling that the next word was going to be 'spank', but she sets her jaw and says firmly, 'The Doctor will be pleased that I've got the drop on these SRS people.' And after putting Benton in his place ('where we go and what we do is none of your business'), off she goes, home to change her clothes.

The SRS man she met before was snuffy about her pantsuit, so she takes care to make herself as feminine as she can, just in case. So when the Professor lets her in the back of the SRS venue, she is wearing her flowery dress. But, as on television, nothing goes according to plan: Kettlewell turns out to be the man behind everything and Sarah's hiding place is found by the robot. And then the Doctor shows up...

He strides confidently onstage and takes Sarah firmly by the wrist. 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,' he says, 'I must apologise for my assistant. I've told her time and again about poking her nose in where it's not wanted.' Sarah opens her mouth to protest. He hisses under his breath, 'And going off with mad professors.' She decides she might do better to keep quiet and simply allow

herself to be rescued, even if it means a good spanking when they get back to base...

Unfortunately for her, the Doctor has a larger agenda. 'But she never listens to me,' he continues, pulling up a chair. 'And I'm sure you'll all agree, there's only one way to deal with a naughty girl.' He looks pointedly across at Miss Winters. Sarah follows his gaze, hopefully...

The Doctor hesitates a moment, and glances at the audience. This will be the most public spanking he has ever given to one of his companions. But he needs to keep the dissident scientists pinned down until the Brigadier and his men arrive. And, as he has just pointed out, she does deserve it...

Sarah's optimism disintegrates, and she yelps as she feels herself being jerked off her feet. In a trice, he is seated and she is facedown across his knee. 'Doctor, you can't,' she pleads, 'not with all these people watching, please!' She looks out at the hundreds of eyes, all looking at her in her humiliating position. Or rather □ she hears a swish and feels the cold air on her legs □ all looking at her panties. At least they should appreciate the extra effort she took to be girly, she thinks irrelevantly, before the first smack sears into her bottom. And from here on for several minutes, all she wants in the world is for the spanking to stop...

Most of the audience don't realize anything is wrong: a spy has been caught and now she's in the timehonored position, screaming and kicking while this oddly dressed newcomer gives her what she deserves on the trim seat of her pastel pink panties. And though Miss Winters knows all is not as it should be, somehow she can't bring herself to intervene and put a stop to it: after all, this is something the annoying Miss Sarah Jane Smith has had coming to her for a long time...

Sarah struggles ineffectually but she is pinned down by the Doctor's firm hand on the small of her back. All she can do is flutter her legs while his palm comes down hard and often across her pink cotton bottom. Without a break in his rhythm or a loosening of his grip, he leans down towards her head. 'I'm so sorry about this, Sarah,' he says, 'but there really is no alternative...'

The Brigadier is taking his time, but the Doctor judges that the spanking can't go on indefinitely. With a final three loud slaps, he whisks Sarah's skirt back down and sets her on her feet. 'Now,' he asks the audience, 'what else can I do to entertain you?' One of them has a suggestion. 'Another spanking? What a good idea! And this time it'll be a *bare* bottom spanking, I think.'

Sarah squeals and makes a run for it □ straight into Jellicoe's uniformed arms. But the Doctor is making for Miss Winters instead. 'Get him!' she orders, and her thugs spring into action. So when the Brigadier finally arrives, the Doctor is unconscious on stage and Miss Winters, Jellicoe and the Robot are making their

escape with sore-bottomed Sarah as their hostage. The story can now continue as televised...